The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 10.

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NOVEMBER 22, 1890.

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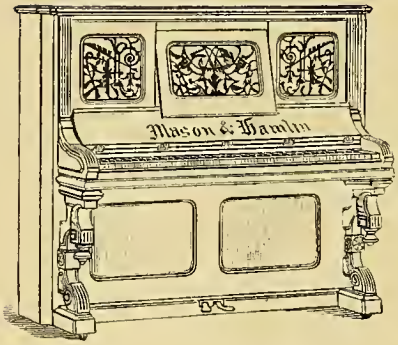

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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THE days have come now when it is too cold to play tennis or to go out on the lake, and when walking is the only means of exercise available. Those who are not extremely fond of walking, and a great many of those who are, would turn to the gymnasium for exercise and sport, if this field were open to them. The gymnasium is utterly inadequate to the needs of the College. It has neither the room nor the appliances necessary for such a large body of students. A large gymnasium, well equipped with apparatus, with an elevated running track, with tennis court, bowling alley and swimming tank, and supplied with baths and dressing-rooms would make exercise in the winter as much of a delight and means of health and strength as in the summer. The work of the Tennis Association could continue within the walls of the gymnasium, and bowling and swimming would rouse enthusiasm in students who now feel no interest whatever in exercise as exercise. The need of such a gymnasium is imperative. We must have a gymnasium as well as a Chapel.

The subject of university extension, which has been steadily increasing in interest in England during the past thirty years, has been of late gaining in importance as an educational problem in this country. It seems desirable in many ways that the benefits of university training should not be limited to those now able to avail themselves of the university course. Many, whose age or necessary employment debar them from the regular course, would be glad in some way to obtain for themselves higher education. It is such classes that the proposed movement is to reach. By means of lectures and evening courses the university education will be extended to those earnest men who had not the advantage of the college education, they are glad to give to their sons, and to those who are obliged to earn their livelihood early in life. The latter class will be given a higher, more satisfactory means of spending their leisure time than in the vain and largely unprofitable search for pleasure which now is their only evening enployment. The idea originated in England in 1867, when Professor Stuart, of Cambridge, gave a course of eight lectures at the request of a number of ladies. Cambridge University consented to try the plan by which the benefits of the University should be scattered through the country. Last year Cambridge had 11,500 extension students. Shortly after the adoption of the plan by Cambridge, the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching was formed, whose students last year numbered about the same as those of Cambridge. The course consists of from six to twelve lectures,

given weekly or fortnightly. Each student is provided with a scheme of the lecture with references for outside reading, and is required to write essays weekly or fortnightly on subjects given out by the lecturer. At the end of the course, those who have attended a certain number of the lectures and have written the required number of essays are permitted to attend the examination given by the University authorities. Mr. George Henderson has been in England studying the Society there in the interests of the Philadelphia Society for the Extension of University Teaching, of which he is the secretary. This movement is just now awaking in New York, Boston and Philadelphia, where the existence of the well endowed and equipped universities of Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania favor such a departure. In the *University Magazine* for October, Walter G. Eliot, Col. '78, proposes that as an incentive to the best work in this movement, some goal be set before the student, as the attainment of a University degree. He looks forward to the time when Columbia shall have in the City proper four or five hundred night students studying in its schools for University degrees.

In the department of physical training Wellesley must confess herself to be at the end of the list of women's Colleges. Vassar, Smith, Bryn Mawr, and the Woman's College of Baltimore are all far ahead of us both in facilities for training and in the fact that work is done in the daytime instead of in the evening. In Wellesley alone is work required in the evening when the low nerve force, exhausted by the day's work requires that the exercise given should be light. We cannot expect to rank with the other Colleges in this line if our advantages are so limited. In every other woman's College, the minimum of work required is four hours a week of day-time work. At the leading women's Colleges in this respect, that is, the Woman's College of Baltimore and Byrn Mawr, the students go to the gymnasium every day as regularly as to meals. Exercise twice a week counts for nothing as far as muscular development is concerned, for the muscles have time to stiffen between the periods of practice. More frequent exercise, if for only a short time each day, gives more satisfactory results. The class in our gymnasium last year, exercising twenty minutes in the daytime four times a week showed marked increase in strength and lung power, as the statistics prove. But such work is impossible for the whole number of students, since neither time nor room is available. Last year Vassar began work in their new gymnasium. Smith is now erecting a new gymnasium well fitted to meet the needs of the College. The old gymnasium at Smith was built since ours, and far superior to it in equipment. Considering the facilities and importance given to physical training in Bryn Mawr, Baltimore, Vassar and Smith we are obliged at the very least to conclude that we are behind the times.

LITTLE POLLY MARTHA.

"Polly! Polly! Polly Martha! Polly-tic Diplomattic Wheedler!" As the last syllable of this strange name died away on the quiet air, a chubby girl appeared above a distant knoll, and started on a slow dog-trot for the cabin. The tired mother, a short,wiry woman with black hair and eyes,and just flesh enough to save her from angularity, turned to her hurried preparations for supper.

Ten minutes later the family were seated about the table. John Blake, or "Silent John," to give him his soubriquet, was a tall muscular man, not quite thirty, with black hair and moustache, a strong jaw, and keen, dark eyes, which now sparkled with gay humor, now gleamed with rare tenderness. Father and mother were silent, more from habit and fatigue than from lack of sympathy. Hard work had left marked traces on both, since as wayward minister's son and deacon's daughter, they had run away from their good, but "monotonous" houses in a New Hampshire village, to unite their fortunes in the tiniest of log cabins on the Dakota prairie. Their nearest neighbors were the 10th U. S. Cavalry Regiment, stationed at Fort A, fifteen miles north. These very young and inexperienced beople found life, a hard reality, at first, but love was strong, snd the baby girl, who came that first year made everything bright.

Baby had now become a fat, roly-poly of ten, with flaxen hair and blue eyes—inherited from some forgotten ancester—a pug nose, a large mouth

and dimpled cheeks. She bore the dignified family name of Hepsibah Jane Blake, but was called Polly Martha Wheedler because of her—stay, let her evening's adventure explain.

Pushing his chair back from the table, Mr. Blake suddenly interrupted the child's chatter with, "What d'you say to going to Fort A, Mother? They're going to have a dance over there to-night. It's only fifteen miles, glorious moon, and Bob's good for twelve miles an hour." "Why John!" was the surprised rejoinder, as a faint flush crept to the wife's cheek and a glad look flashed in her eye. Then slowly, "But what can we do with Polly Martha?" Before the little child could more than get in her suggestion of, "Take me too Pa; I'll be still as a mice," Mr. Blake said quickly, "Leave her in bed. We'll be back before eleven. She'll sleep, and nothing can happen." Starting for the door, he concluded, "I'm going. Be ready in fifteen minutes if you want to go;" then he added kindly, "Now be a good girl, Polly, and don't tease. Bob is tired and can't carry but two. We'll only be gone a little while, and I'd trust my little girl to stay alone as well as a man anytime."

Mr. Blake knew his child. The falling tears ceased, the quivering chin grew firm, and the little one whose highest bliss was a crumb of praise from her idolized father, said bravely, "O, yes, Pa, if you say so. I don't b'lieve I'll be 'fraid 'less an Injun comes. What'll I do then, Pa?" The laughing response was, "Pooh, haven't heard of one these five years. Might knock him down, Polly, or *wheedle* him!"

Fifteen minutes later, Polly Martha was lying broad awake in her mother's bed, watching the big, round moon, and trying to think how nice it was to be trusted, not "how much she wanted pa." Spite of her loneliness, she was not timid, and this seemingly strange desertion is not to be judged by New England customs.

Five minutes—two hours—three hours—Polly never knew how long after—she was awakened by a hideous face at the window. As a furious pounding fallowed, she piped tremblingly, "Who's there?" "Ugh? Paugh! Ugh! Ugh! Let old "Thunder and Lightening in! Quick now—me scalp you! Injun heap big hurry!" In testimony of which the door cracked on its hinges: so Polly stoutly resumed negotiations. "Stop breaking my Pa's door, bad Injun man! What do you want?"

As the pounding grew more furious, she slipped the bolt aside, sending "Thunder-and-Lightning" with herself sprawling on the floor. Quickly the Indian chief leaped to his feet, brandishing a huge tomahawk, and presenting in his six feet of war-paint, a sight to terrify the stoutest heart. Polly who always saw the funny side of everything, as soon as she got up, gasped between her laughs, "How funny you look, you Injun man." Shaking her roughly by the shoulder, "Thunder-and-Lightning" said, "Hide Injun *quick* or——" concluding with a threat too horrible to repeat. Knowing that she must protect herself, and get rid of him somehow, she stopped laughing, and to his suggestion of hiding in the loft, replied by lifting a trap door in the floor. It was pitch dark, and he feared a plot; but one look at her infantile face and the repeated coaxings of "Please Injun man, quick! It's the only safe place," decided him, and he jumped.

Polly sprang the fastening into place. Horse's hoofs came nearer, and a moment after, the troops from Fort A, broke into the room, terrifying the child anew. "Where's that Indian? Speak child—don't let him get away—we've tracked him here." Polly pointed to the trap door, which the soldiers surrounded with stern faces and fixed bayonets. Raising the door, they peered into the darkness, but could see nothing. "Come out, now, or we'll shoot. No nonsense—we know you're there."

At last a head appeared, and shamefacedly the great warrior stepped out, *dripping with molasses*. A moment's silence, and the roof rang with the shouts of the soldiers. No need to threaten the chieftain, for his ignominy crushed him. As the laugh died away, the soldiers spoke of taking him away to be shot at once, for he was the chief who that night had started to massacre a white settlement. The warning had reached Fort A in time for the pursuing troops to defeat the band in a narrow defile two miles away. As Thunder-and-Lightning escaped, they followed hotly, determined to take him dead or alive, and stop the outrage.

Polly sweetly pleaded for the chief as her prisoner. Because the ridiculousness of the situation had softened their hearts, Polly's innocence

prevailed, and they led him back to the Fort, beguiling the way with jeers at his expense. The Colonel said on parting, "Goodbye, Polly Martha Wheedler: you're a cute one. You earned your name this time. A molasses barrel is a good place for Indians."

Not many weeks ago—for Miss Blake is living in an Eastern city—a dignified gentleman walked into a pleasant breakfast-room, and tossed his daughter an odd-looking letter. After perusing it, she remarked that Thunder-and-Lightning was serving as delegate from his tribe to a Government Conference in Washington. He smiled, but only said, "One more step in your solution of the Indian problem, little Polly Martha."

Q., '92.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Dame Nature sat in the nursery,
Patching the *close* of a day.
While around her the merry month-children
Laughed and shouted at play.

But one of the twelve little monthlings
Sat sad and sullen apart,
And she wept, and she frowned and she wailed
As if she would break her heart.

At last Dame Nature stopped sewing,
And said to the weeping child,
"Now, tell me, you naughty November,
Why your eyes are so wet and wild."

"Oh, mother, my clothes are so shabby,
You always dress me in brown.
All my sisters are better appareled
Than I in my faded old gown.

And you give me no pretty playthings,
No flowers, nor birds, nor snow;
So I weep on my days till they shrink,
And shorter and shorter grow."

Dame Nature then rose up in anger,
And called her favorite child,
Dear June, beloved of mortals
For her smile so sunny and mild.

Her she clad in the robes of November,
With her short and shrunken days,
But the smiling face was carefully hid
In a veil of purple haze.

Then she sent her down to earth's children,
Instead of November drear,
Who was put to bed with a cold in her head,
Caused by too much dampness, I fear.

And June she smiled on the wondering earth,
Which welcomed the glad new-comer,
For we knew her well in spite of her clothes,
And called her Indian Summer.

HOW I LEARNED THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

When I was a child one of the greatest pleasures the summer brought, was a visit to my godmother. The invitation was always contained in a letter expressed in the formal style of the old school, and written in the delicate hand our grandmothers used. It seemed the most beautiful writing in the world to me, when, with fingers trembling between awe and delight, I carefully opened the important missive, which was the only one I ever received, and with dignity read aloud to my mother and younger sister my godmother's elegantly-turned sentences.

The unpleasant duty of writing my acceptance once accomplished, the next few days were spent in delightful anticipation, until Katherine, my godmother's old servant, came for me, and we started together for the old-fashioned town where my godmother lived, in an old-fashioned house standing back from the street in the midst of an old-fashioned garden. Miss Delia, as the neighbors called my godmother, had never married, and she was my sole companion during these annual visits; but loneliness seemed impossible in her company, and with the delightful house, and garden for a play-ground, where I was continually discovering new and secluded spots in which to keep my treasures, or to enact the tragical domestic scenes in which very young housekeepers delight.

My godmother believed in trusting even children as far as possible, and left me a great deal to my own devices. I fancy my devices were harmless for the most part, but the several punishments I received, for as many evil deeds, are as distinct in my mind as if my godmother had administered them yesterday. They were highly original, and calculated to impress the memory as well as the heart. The striking lesson she gave me on the eighth commandment is an example.

It was during the last day of one of my visits, and mother had come with my little sister to spend the night, and take me home. I had that morning found a number of little boxes and bottles in an old medicine chest, and had arranged a miniature shop in the bay-window with all my little boxes neatly piled up, and the bottles standing in a row. The bottles were filled with water, but the little boxes were provokingly and unprofessionally empty. I looked round the room for something suitable with which to fill them, and spied the bottom drawer of godmother's escritoire open a crack. There was a well-remembered box that always stood in a certain corner of the drawer, and in a few moments all my boxes were filled with the dear little sugar-plums that my godmother kept there "to give to good children" as she would tell me.

Now all was complete, and I contemplated with pride the work of my busy fingers. But alas! my theft was soon to be discovered. From the further end of the long room, where Miss Delia sat sewing, my little sister toddled over, and, bent on joining in the charming play, she seized one of the little boxes that contained the sugar-plums. I started in alarm to rescue my precious wares, but with a giggle of delight the little rogue threw the box far from her, and the candies fell in a clattering shower to the polished floor. With the sound of the dropping sugar-plums, like thunder in my ears, I stood motionless until my godmother grasped the extent of my guilt and announced its punishment.

She bade me stand in a corner facing the wall, and repeat the eighth commandment until she gave me leave to stop. "Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not steal,"—over and over again. I repeated the words until they seemed to come from a machine instead of a tearful little penitent. At each suggestion of a halt in the monotonous chant came the calm "Go on" from my godmother which forced me to continue.

I do not know how long Miss Delia kept me standing in the corner, but it was long enough to impress the eighth commandment upon my mind; and after that memorable day, I "kept my hands from picking and stealing," in my godmother's house, at least.

Elinor F. Ruddle, '93.

QUESTIONING.

What is the meaning of life, I pray
Ye, who stand 'neath the twilight grey,
Ye, who have quaffed the wine of gold,
Speak! doth the emptied goblet hold
Dregs of bitterness, or a gem
Meet for some Kingly diadem?

What is the meaning of pain, I pray
Ye, who have known its ruthless sway?
A priceless gift and from the hand of One
Who walked with pain till the work was done,
And God in his love revealed, or e'en
The child of our sin and all unclean?

What is the meaning of love, I pray
Ye, who kiss in the warm, sweet May?
A flower that shall grow a shining star,
And lead your souls to its light afar,
Or a blossom born 'neath Spring's glad light
To droop and die in the Autumn night?

What is the meaning of death, I pray
Ye, who have passed the veil of grey?
A shadowy sleep, that shall still the heart,
When the crimson and gold of dreams depart,
Or the glad revealing and wondrous grace
Of the truth that lies in the Savior's face?

Ada S. Woolfolk, '91.

IN WAR TIMES.

It was a dark, oppressive summer evening in 1863, and every moment seemed to make it darker and more oppressive as a number of gay, young people rode swiftly along a country road toward their homes in Clarence, a little town in one of the states just then notorious for its guerrilla warfare. Clarence was a gay little place, and even in those troubled days, when the town was equally divided into bitter Confederate and Federal sympathizers, the careless young people were bent on a good time.

So, regardless of the rumor that a Union regiment was near by, they had gathered a happy little party and spent the evening with a friend in the country. When at last the horses were saddled and they started for home, the sky was overcast and everything about the pleasant country roads was hushed and still except the shrill, incessant chirp of the Katy-dids.

Fearing a storm, they urged on the horses but just as they reached the old toll-gate only two

miles from Clarence, there was a quick flash of lightning, revealing every feature of the landscape; then came darkness again and a low rumble of thunder in the west. But the storm was forgotten, for in the sudden light the startled young people had seen an erect figure in a blue uniform on guard at the old toll gate, and out of the darkness that followed rang the sharp word "Halt!" After a moment's silence, broken by another low rumble of thunder, a self-important youth endeavored, with a marked want of success, to parley with the soldier.

"Why, we are only harmless young folks out on a frolic, and we must get home to-night, there are ladies here."

"The town is now under martial law, and no one can enter this night."

"But," pompously, "surely you have heard my name and know me to be loyal. Why, I am Brown, Willard Brown, of White & Brown, Attorneys-at-law, in Clarence."

"Sorry to disappoint you, 'Mr Brown, of White & Brown, Attorneys-at-law,' but you can't pass me to-night."

After a little more vain discussion the heads of the horses were turned and a halt called for consultation. Meanwhile the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and vivid and the peals of thunder echoed and re echoed among the hills. Suddenly a bright thought came to one of the girls, who had been "raised in the country thereabouts" as people say there. She knew of an old long-abandoned road leading from the toll-gate to the northern end of town. Possibly they would not find it guarded,as the entrance to it was in a grove, and not generally known.

They found it, and to their joy, it was unguarded and not impassible; but they had gone only a little way when the rapid gallop of a horse was heard behind. Someone else was evidently acquainted with the road. "Someone" proved to be a negro lad on a pony, who had messages for the Colonel in town. He gladly delivered them up to Mr. Brown, of White & Brown, and returned to his masters in the blackness beyond. At last the party reached Clarence, and their anxious friends welcomed the wanderers just as the first heavy drops fell.

An hour later the negro's message was delivered to Colonel Haymon, who was in command of the Union men in possession of the town. The letter was written from the "Camp of the Confederacy," in other words, the hiding place of some rebel bushwhackers, who had that day captured Judge Gentry, a well-known and bitter Unionist. It was briefly stated that unless Clarence were evacuated within twenty-four hours, the Judge would be a dead man. Aware that the country was a nest of bushwhackers, the Colonel was yet surprised to find them so bold. But he acted promptly; he sent men to arrest Dr. Duffy and Judge Lamson, two of the most prominent Southerners in the town and also despatched a squad to scour the country for "The Camp ot the Confederacy." By his orders, the two prisoners were confined in an empty box-car standing near the freight-house. At one end of this peculiar prison a broad-faced, stolid German was stationed with his gun, and at the other a happy-go-lucky young darkey, also armed.

You see the plan. As long as two such prominent men were within his grasp, Judge Gentry was safe; as soon as three shots fired in quick succession were heard, the prisoners were to die, for that was to be the signal of news of Judge Gentry's death.

The sultry August day wore slowly on; how was it with that strange quartette in the box-car? The two guards could tell a tale of many plans to escape, of bitter complaints of a breach of honor, of mourning for wives and children left desolate, of abject terror whenever a shot was heard.

Noon came, and the town seemed in an uproar; could it mean rescue? The strain was broken by a shot fired somewhere in the distance. The negro shifted his gun and glanced at his companion. Another. The negro exclaimed gaily: "Massa, I tinks we shoot now!" But the cautious German interposed with, "No, Sambo, ve vaits dill der dritte shoot." There was breathless silence for a minute, then the two men, only comprehending that death was near, by a common impulse went down on their knees, one at the bare black feet of the negro, the other at the dusty boots of the German.

People are apt to say queer things when crazed

with fright and although perhaps both of these would have faced death bravely in battle, circumstances overcame them now, and Dr. Duffy never knew that he implored piteously, "O, don't shoot, dear Dutchy!" and other petitions of a similar nature, varied by quotations from his Prayer Book! And in the opposite end of the narrow car, the negro grinned complacently as he looked down on dignified "Massa Lamson" who was clasping him by the feet and begging for a little time.

But the strange scene did not last long, for the third shot did not come, and soon an officer clattered down the street, and the order came sharp and quick, "Release the prisoners!" There was a muttered word of unheeded apology and then, only half-credulous, Judge and Doctor staggered out into the blinding sunlight, free. Word had come that Judge Gentry had been released.

Before five years had gone, the story of that day was a half-forgotten incident of the war, and now there are but few persons in Clarence who have ever heard it. But, to the day of his death, Judge Lamson will never receive Sambo's obsequious salutation, "Mornin', Massa!" and observe a peculiar expression on his dusky visage, that he will not wish that the fellow had not quite so good a memory as he shows he possesses.

K. R. E., '92.

ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGIATE ALUMNAE.

This Association which seeks to unite alumnæ of different institutions for practical educational work, numbers among its strongest members names which are well known in the annals of Wellesley College. Indeed it seems as if one of the best results of the opportunity offered by active membership in the Association to learn the methods of other institutions, is to increase the active and intelligent loyality of alumnæ for their own Alma Mater.

The annual meeting of the Association was held in Chicago during the last week of October and brought together women representing eleven different colleges and living in ten states. This assured a diversity of training and outlook which is already an interesting feature of these meetings. Among the Wellesley alumnæ present were, Helen M. Kitchell, '82; Leila S. McKee, '86; Hattie Stone, '89; Edith Metcalf, '80; Ada G. Wing, '87; Mary Lena McMaster, '88, and Caroline L. Williamson, '89, and on the list of officers appear the names of Louise McCoy North, '79, S. P. Breckenridge, '88, and Susan W. Peabody '85.

The lines of work conducted by the Association on which reports were presented include causes of withdrawal from college, the endowment of colleges, progress in collegiate education for women, the bureau of collegiate information, and fellowship. The Association supports two fellowships, for study in Europe and America respectively. An earnest effort will be made to secure the funds for the year 1891-2 at once, in order that the Committee in charge, of which Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer is chairman may announce the conditions early in 1891. The fellowship will undoubtedly be open to all graduates of Wellesley and the knowledge of these opportunities should be spread as far as possible among the alumnæ.

Miss Vida D. Scudder's paper on "The Relation of College Women to Social Need" was received with interest which was heightened by the address which followed by Miss Jean G. Fine, headworker in the New York Settlement. The paper of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards on "The Relation of Women to Progress in Domestic Science" attracted special attention when it was known that a course in domestic science which she outlined in theory had actually been begun at Wellesley College.

The Association considered plans for new work which will be carried on during the coming year. There are now 1200 members and 12 branches and the association is in a position to accomplish much effective work for the collegiate interests of the country.

The social features of the meeting were extremely pleasant. The courtesy and hospitality of resident members were unlimited and the day spent at Northwestern University proved a very enjoyable occasion.

There is not a college or university professor in the United States whose salary is over $5,000, while the great majority are under $3,000.—*Ex.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Nov. 16, Rev. E. B. Mason, of Brunswick, Me., preached from the text Gen. 47 : 9; "And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, 'The days of the years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years; few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.'"

* * *

Those unable to hear Mlle. Pellissier's lecture on French Mediæval Literature, Nov. 15, lost a great pleasure. The lecture began with an account of the Romance of the Rose, a poem in two parts. The first, containing over 4000 verses, was written by Guillaume de Lorris, and is an allegorical Love Romance, the scene laid in Dreamland. The poet, admitted to the garden of Love, where dwell the virtues in a shadowy palace, discovers a fountain and beautiful roses, surrounded by an impassible hedge. Their subtle fragrance reaches him, and while vainly longing for them, he is wounded by an arrow from the God of Love. The lover bewails his fate in a monologue. Life as a reality is wanting; but the poem breathes a subtle grace. The second part, written 40 years later, contains 14,000 verses, is crudely realistic, and pervaded by sarcasm. Why should the people pay taxes? Why the division of classes? Why everything in the existing state of Society? Some of the rudest attacks are on women. The character of Hypocracy is introduced, and this part is a direct ancestor of Molière's Tartuffe. The entire poem was very popular. An English translation by Chaucer has been lost. Petrach considered it the most wonderful of French romances. The Romaunt Renart is a product of many countries and ages. It is a fable without written moral,—an epic poem in which animals, treated as individuals constitute a society. The story begins at the time when Adam and Eve were driven from Eden. They were given a rod with which to smite the waters. Adam took it first, and having struck the water, a lamb came forth. Then Eve tried, and a wolf was the result. Thus were all animals created; Adam producing the good, Eve all the evil ones. The whole tale is one of sly mystification. The Lion is king. The Bear and the Fox heroes; and the development of rivalry between these two is the theme of the romance. The Donkey figures as priest, Chanticleer as trumpeter. The one innocent lady in a corrupt court is the Hen, who is canonized as a saint. In one branch of the Romaunt Renart the wicked Fox ends his life on the gallows. In another he feigns repentance, is pardoned, and allowed to go on a pilgrimage. When out of danger he escapes to his stronghold, and rejoicing in iniquity, lives, a successful miscreant. The earlier branches are pervaded by a spirit of mild satire; the later ones are a parody on all the most revered institutions of the middle ages; and strong, sly wickedness is shown as finding reward in high places. The early light mirthfulness, however, is not dead; but reappears as the inspiration of La Fontaine, and later in Goethe's Rheinecke Luchs. Until the Middle Ages the Fox was Goupil—afterwards he is known as Renart.

* * *

The regular five o'clock prayer-meeting held in Stone Hall Parlor last Sunday afternoon was conducted by the Student Volunteers, Miss Charlotte Miller, leading. After a few introductory remarks, the members told the history of the Association, its purpose and the causes for its existence. It started, about four years ago, at a Student's Bible Conference and has been steadily growing since then, until now it has members from all Colleges. They are bound together by a simple pledge, that they desire to go into the foreign mission field, and believe that by this union they can work more successfully. Miss Miller then made a touching appeal to all for this work, and the meeting closed with a prayer and hymn.

* * *

There was no one, who had been so fortunate as to be invited to the Waban Cotillion last Saturday night, but left the gymnasium with sincere regret, and vain wishes that the German were a thing of the future, istead of the past. On entering the room the guests were received by Miss Knox, assisted by Miss Palmer, Miss Brooks, Miss Stewart and Miss Stimson. At the further end of the hall was a table covered with bright things innumerable, where were told that partners might be found—but instead the giris were obliged to console themselves in paper "W's" bearing the name and part of a "Waban Ripple," the other half of which the partner would have. The gentlemen were given distinguishing marks in the shape of tiny skeletons—McGintys—so called, and wandered about lonely and disconsolate until finally every joke was finished out, the music began, and Miss Stewart and Miss Stimson opened the German. The figures were extremely pretty and quite unusual, and the whole effect was delightful. Refreshments were served about half past eight, and to show how daintily and appropriately everything was done, the ice cream was a happy combination of clover pink and green—the colors of the two classes represented at Waban. The affair ended with a grand waltz, and even the group cushioned in one corner, who had only looked on, rose reluctantly to bid the chsrming hostess good-night and to express the thought of every one in trite remark which really meant—this time at least—far more than conventionality.

* * *

THE subject of Prof. Niles' lecture on Tuesday of last week, was, "The Influence of Mountains on Human Life." He first discussed the influence of mountains on the distribution of life, showing that many regions were uninhabited, because of the great elevation which caused the perpetual snows, and that many portions of the earth's surface were inhabitable only during a part of the year, from the extreme cold and winds of winter. They exercise an influence through the valleys they form, as in the interesting point of two there will be a large village, whereas at the head of one of the valleys, only a small hamlet will be found. The mountains make fertile valleys from the numerous streams which trickle down their sides and from the protection they afford against the fierce winds. They also offer fine opportunities for mining. In history mountains have played an important part as barriers against the troops of an invading army, and as political boundaries, as for instance, the Pyrenees. High mountains exercise a marked influence on those who dwell in their shadows. The peasants of Switzerland are world-famous for their patriotism and bravery. Men who work for years to make fertile some chance plot of soil in among the rocks and who with their own hands have bnilt their little chalêts, do not give them up without a hard fight. Mountain dwellers are more domestic also, for the high barriers prevent easy wandering from home, and, while the inhabitants of the plains are moving restlessly on, looking for something better, the Alpine peasant tills his half an acre of ground and feeds his sheep, hard working but contented

* * *

ON Monday evening, November seventeenth, the Adamowski Quartette rendered the following program :—

HAYDN, Quartette in D minor, No. 11, Op. 76.
- a. Allegro.
- b. Andante.
- c. Menuetto.
- d. Vivace assai.

Svendsen, Romanza for violin and piano.

Boccherini, Menuetto.

Dvorar, Quartette in C major, Op.,61.
- a. Allegro.
- b. Scherzo.
- c. Vivace.

As a composer of quartettes for stringed instruments Haydn is unequalled. He created a style of his own which is characterized by its purity and simplicity. The beautiful quartette in D minor was well interpreted by the artists of the evening. The Andante was perhaps the most charming of the movements, and was played with such grace and delicacy as to give great pleasure to the listeners. The perfect precision of the rendering, and the sympathetic blending of the instruments were noticable. Mr. Adamowski, the favorite soloist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, gave unbounded satisfaction to the audience. His style is masterly, and at the same time refined and delicate, and his tones are pure and sympathetic. In response to the enthusiastic applause which followed his playing, he gave as an encore a bewitching Hungarian dance, by Nachez. The Menuetto is an old favorite, and has been arranged for full orchestra. It appeared in this concert in its original form as a string quartette. The Dvorar number is an example of the modern style of quartettes. It appears in a more elaborate form than that of Haydn, and is more difficult to understand. This is the first time that the Adamowski Quartette has been at Wellesley, and the enthusiasm of the audience testified to its enjoyment of the concert. That the opening of the concert-season this fall is finer than ever before is a fact which will be appreciated by all lovers of good music.

COLLEGE NOTES.

PRESIDENT Shafer's return this year can no longer be hoped for, as her health is no better. Prof. Lord, of the Latin department, is acting president for the year.

REV. Alvah Hovey, D. D., of the Newton Theological Seminary will preach in the Chapel on Sunday, Nov. 23.

MRS. Teannie Hill March, '79, took tea with Miss Chapin at Freeman, last week. Mrs. March and her husband have been missionaries in Syria for ten years, and are at home in America now, on leave of absence for a year.

MISS Eleanor Sherwin, '89, and Miss Moulton, student at Wellesley, '78-'79, spent Friday night, the 14th, with Miss Montague at Freeman. Miss Sherwin and Miss Moulton are both teaching in Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.

MISS Henrietta Clare, formerly of '92, spent the night last week with Miss Dora Emerson, '92, at Waban.

MISS Belfield, '92, and Miss Alice Arter, '94, have been obliged to go home on account of ill-health, and Miss Baker, '92, is ill at home in Boston.

FRAULEIN Elsbeth Müller gave a delightful half-hour, last week, to the members of the German classes. She sang to them the German *Folk lieder* which they have been learning this year. Society Hall is an excellent place for singing, and Fraülein Müller rendered beautifully the pathetic little songs. Those who are fortunate enough to be taking German this year, hope to hear her sing to them again before long, and those who are so unfortunate as not to belong to the classes hope nevertheless that Fraülein Müller will give them too a chance to hear her then.

THE fire-escapes at Freeman have at last been tried, —and with great success. The Freemanites proved themselves so agile and graceful in climbing, that some of the Norumbega girls could not resist the opportunity of using their Kodak during the performance. The result, if successful, will be most amusing.

A PARTY of twelve, chaperoned by Miss Denio, went to Boston Friday evening, Nov. 14. to hear the third lecture in the course on "The Treasures of the British Museum." The subject of the lecture was "Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum." It was given before the Lowell Institute by Mr. Fagan curator of the Museum. There are seven lectures in this course, given every Tuesday and Friday evenings.

IN the Phipics lecture of last week Miss Whiting gave an interesting account of the meeting of the National Academy in Boston, which she attended. A propos of the entertainment on the tenth, it is interesting to learn that one of the many practical uses to which the phonograph is now put, is that of preserving the languages of the Indian nations. Those of the Indians who are brave enough to approach an instrument which they believe bewitched are made to talk into the phonograph and, in this way, sounds which could hardly be preserved by writing, are caught on the spot and imprisoned fast.

A NEW office has been created in the Banjo Club,— that of factotum. Miss has been chosen to fill this place. The other officers are those of last year. They are, Miss Sarah Roberts, '91, president; and Miss Maud Foster, Sp., business manager.

MISS Theodore Kyle, '91, is posing for the Life class in the Art Studio. Although the artists by no means do their model justice, the posing is certainly a success.

THE Freeman Pedestrian Club went on their first walking expedition Wednesday the twelfth. They took advantage of Mr. Walter Hunnewell's generous offer to give away chrysanthemums to the students, and their walk, like many others that day, was in the direction of his grounds. It is needless to say they came home laden with the flowers. Mr. Hunnewell's chrysanthemums have gained prize at the chrysanthemum show in Boston and are magnificant specimens.

PROF. Horsford has presented to each member of the Philology class Ziesberger's Indian Dictionary with a vocabulary in English, German, Iroquois—the Onondaga, and Algonguin—the Deleware. It is revised by Prof. Horsford, and printed from the original manuscript in Harvard College Library. This edition has been published for the "Alcove of Ameaican Native Languages" in Wellesley College Library.

MISS Montague entertained the members of her Greek Testament Class at Freeman, Saturday evening, the fifteenth. There was an open fire in the parlor, and the burning drift-wood made a good back-ground for the many stories and anecdotes which were told. Miss Montague brought out photographs of Greece Which she had gotten last year while abroad, and told the girls about them. Later, refreshments were served in the hall, and the party broke up promptly at Silent Time.

THE following is an extract from one of Miss Case's letters to a friend at Wellesley, telling of her plans for the winter:—"My bronchitis has somewhat interfered with the programme that I had arranged. It has been only a slight affair; I was confined to my room only a few days; but since the season is so far advanced, I have decided to make now the visit to Italy that I was hoping to make next winter. So I am about to start for Rome, and when this reaches you, you may think of me as exploring the Roman Forum, or looking at Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" or the "Laocoon" or Guido Reni's "Aurora" or some other of the numberless treasures of the old city. Would you like to make the acquaintance of the Good Samaritan? If so, come to Munich, and board where I have boarded, and be sick for a little while. Then you will discover that the Good Samaritan is a woman, Fraülein Pauline Bauer by name. She is an educated lady, formerly a teacher. She now reaps an excellent *pension* at Theresienstrasse 100, II; and if you are sick, she will take care of you as your mother would wish you to be taken care of. She will not only tend to your physical needs, but she will buy flowers for you to look at, and bring you books to read, and take time out of her busy day to visit you lest you should be lonesome."

WEDNESDAY evening, Nov. 12, Miss Stratton and the other members of the Faculty at Stone Hall, gave a reception to the Faculty of Dana Hall and the College. The usually dark halls in the building were brilliantly lighted with hall lamps and decorated with rugs and easels; and here and there chairs were placed invitingly. The alcove opposite the Betanical Lecture Room, which was shut off by screens from the corridor on one side, looked like a small reception-room. Here refreshments were served. Fraülein Elsbeth Müller and Fraülein Meyey sang to the guests, in the parlor, and made a delightful addition io the pleasure of the evening.

THERE was a meeting of the Students Association, Nov. 14, at which the following by-law was passed.

"The Standing Committee shall meet once during each month at which time new members may join the Association by complying with the requirements of the Constitution."

Not only those who desire to join, but any who are interested to know more about the Association, are cordially invited to avail themselves of this opportunity to ask questions.

Notice of the time and place of these meetings will be posted two or three days in advance, on the Guil Bulletin Board.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

Miss Annie Sawyer, '88, is teaching in the High School at Hingham, Mass.

Miss Jeanette C. Welch, '89, is not taking the Kindergarten course in the Normal College of New York City, as was announced by mistake in a former number of the PRELUDE, but is instead taking the Post-Graduate course in the College for the Training of Teachers.

Miss Florence L. Ellery is teaching in the High School at Cobleskill, N. S.

Miss Julia D. Ferris, student at Wellesley , is teaching in the Fargo High School, Fargo, N. Dakota.

THE friends of Miss Jennie P. White, teacher of Music at Dana Hall, will be glad to read the following extract from a letter written to the Montreal Gazette. Speaking of a concert given on board the Cephalonia on the evening of September 11th, the writer says:—"Miss White, in a soprano solo, fairly made us hold our breath, that every note of her rich, bird-like voice might be heard. The marvelous flexibility and clearness of her voice was a theme of general comment. She received her musical education in Boston, and was returning from abroad to settle in that city. That a brilliant future awaits her is certain. Her quiet, ladylike manner, and her perfect self-possession, is a charm in itself; when to it is added the wonderful voice, the charm is perfect and entertaining.

A SECOND entertainment for the Norumbega Fund, with the Phonograph as the chief feature, will be given in Woburn under the management of Miss Elizabeth M. Brown, '82. The Phonograph Co. have offered a reduction in their prices if several entertainments can be arranged, and any Alumna, willing to undertake the management of such an entertainment, may obtain full particulars by writing to Miss Sanborn, No. 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass.

THE interesting book, "A Winter in Central America and Mexico," by Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, is still on sale for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund, and all orders should be sent to No. 383 Broadway, Somerville, Mass. The price including postage is $1.35.

A MEETING was held on November first, for the organization of a Cleveland Wellesley Association. All students living in Cleveland or vicinity were declared eligible to membership in the Association, whose purpose is to promote fellowship among Wellesley women and to further Wellesley's interests broadly. The following officers were elected:—President, Miss Bertha Bailey, '88; Vice President, Miss Belle Sherwin, '90; Secretary, Miss Bessie Severance, quondam, '87; Treasurer, Miss Louise Pope, quondam, '91.

Miss M. L. Gurney, '88 who has been abroad since her graduation, is now at home in Philadelphia, Pa. During the summer, Miss Gurney, and Miss F. J. Brown, also of '88, taught in S. Hilda's Summer School at Morristown, N. J.

Miss Lillian B. Miner, '88, is teaching Latin and French in Murfreesboro, N. C.

Miss Grace T. Cilley, of Rockland, Me., student at Wellesley, '86-'89, has been appointed by the Governor to administer oaths, acknowledge deeds, and solemnize marriages.

Miss Antoinette Mattoon, '87, is teaching in Miss Doremus's School, at No. 54, E. 21st. St., New York City.

Miss Xavier, formerly teacher of Spanish at Wellesley, is now Secretary to the French and Spanish consulate, and is the only woman who fills such an office.

Miss Nettie J. Hale, '90, is teaching in Madame Commette's private school at Pittsford, Vt.

BORN.

AT Warren, Pa., Oct. 18th, a daughter, Katherine, to Miss Kate Darling Filler, '83.

AT Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 3, a daughter to Mrs. Apollonia Denkmann Davis, '82.

MARRIED.

HAVIGHORST–CANFIELD.—At Fremont, O., Sept. 11, Emilie Morgan Canfield, student at Wellesley, '88-'89, to Rev. C. H. Havighorst.

BLOOD–NATHAN.—At Wakefield, Mass., Nov. 6, Grace Nathan, student at Wellesly, '89-'90, to Henry Blood, of Auburndale.

BIRD–WILLIAMS.—At Yarmouth, Me., July 8, Harriet L. Williams, '85, to George E. Bird, of Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Bird were in Europe during the summer, and are now at home in Portland, Me.

IN Albany, N. Y., October 18, 1890 there was a meeting of College women called by Miss Talbot, of Boston, for the purpose of organizing a local branch of College Alumnæ. At this meeting about a dozen College women came together. After an informal discussion of the opportunities open to an association of College women at the educational centre of New York State, the meeting unanimously voted to organize and apply for recognition as a regular branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ. October 28, another meeting was held and an organization perfected by the election of the following officers: President, Mary Seymour, of Smith College; Vice-president, Nina E. Browne, of Smith College; Secretary, Katharine L. Sharp, of the North-western University; Treasurer, Lida S. King of Vassar College; Directors, Bessie R. Mackey, of Wellesley College, and Elizabeth L. Foote, of the Syracuse University.

WABAN RIPPLES.

PROFESSOR IN ZOOLOGY: "What are the principal divisions of the animal kingdom?"

HESITIATING SOPHOMORE: "The Ebriates and Inebriates."

THE FRESHMAN.

"There once was a Freshman quite green,
Who at times with a Senior was seen,
When they said: "You're a crush!"
She would vividly blush
And cry out: "I think you've too mean!"

THE SOPHOMORE.

There once was a Sophomore bright
Who tried her first essay to write,
But when it came back
Red ink triumphed o'er black,
And she fainted away at the sight.

THE JUNIOR.

There once was a Junior so proud,
Who did all her thinking aloud
You would hear "Junior Prom.,"
And "Sylvanus Thom,"
Notwithstanding she never was "wowed!"

THE SENIOR.

A Senior with dignified look,
Domestic Economy took
When they said: "you're engaged!"
She became quite enraged
And retired in the leaves of her book.

THE SPECIAL.

There was once a Special quite new,
Who surely had plenty to do
For with languages four
And three sciences more,
She had Mathematics, Course II.

THE REPORTER.

There was once a fair young reporter,
Who always would do as she oughter,
When they said: "Now make fun!"
She replied with a pun!
So they brayed her to bits in a mortar.

PROFESSOR: "Name the functions of the Amoeba."

STUDENT: "I remember but one; that is *aspiration*."

TEACHER'S EXPERIENCES.

Answers to Questions.

1. Solon was a great Greek poetess.

2. Boycott means you don't have nothing to do with nobody and nobody has nothing to do with you.

3. Corrode means to eat up. The lion corroded the lamb.

4. Napoleon landed in Britain in 300 B. C.

OUR EXCHANGES.

A GREEK RESITATION.

BENEVOLENT PROFESSOR (prompting): Now then, Eipas.

SLEEPY STUDENT (remembering last night's studies): I make it next.

He goes it alone before the faculty. — *Buchtelite.*

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Bridget: What! yer want a dollar for that old hat I sold yer yesterday for fifty cents, yer old skinflint?

Isaac (scornfully): Skinflint! Vy, if you vants der hat and I vants it, vy dot makes der demand twice so great as bevore, don't it? Aint you never studied politigal egonomy?—*Yale Record.*

"OLE CLOES."

I dink her gollege built fer me,
I vanders all about,
I knocks kervite softly on der doors
To see if dey is out.

I dry der knob, and if unlocked,
I valks in just to see
If any of dose gareless men
Has left some glose for me.

I gathers in vat ere I vind,
Olt trousers or dress cloes;
I hastends vith them down der stairs,
Und kervick vor Gort street goes.

I alvays make it strict my rule
To zerch on all der shelves:
I believe dot "Brovidence helps dose
Who alvays helps demselves.

Yale Record.

OH!

Merry eyes
Waving hair.
Passing by
Pert and fair.

Natty suit,
White and blue,
Flying skirt,
Dainty shoe.

Rougish glance,
Careless smile,
Just the look
To beguile.

Season past
Often kissed her—
"Sweetheart she?
No, my sister."

Bowdoin Orient.

Evolution.

'Tis seven o'clock on a summer's eve,
And the summer's sun is low,
An empty hammock beneath the trees.
In the sweetly scented evening breeze
Swings listlessly to and fro.

'Tis eight o'clock and the sun is gone,
And the darkness grows apace,
In the hammock sits a maiden fair,
While seated near her in a chair,
Is a youth with a handsome face.

The clock strikes nine—but what is this ?
In the gloom of the moonless night
Two figures, which like one appear
Swing in the hammock,—hark and hear !
"Now Jack, who said you might ?"

Bowdoin Orient.

How True.

The sage put on his thinking cap
And this was what he penned :
"You'll find in dealing with this world
You get back what you send."

Now I'm a writer for the press,
And find, my honest friend,
You're right. Nine cases out of ten,
I get back what I send.—*Brunonian.*

Weather Report.

8.30 P. M.

Last night when I called on Marie
We sat in the moonlight together;
We talked about—well, let me see—
We first were discussing the weather.

11.30 P. M.

As later she sat on my knee,
She seemed to be light as a feather;
And strange though it may seem to be,
We still were discussing the "Whether."

—Yale Record.

On Account of Co-Education.

HE.

The night is passing fair, my love,
Too fair to stay at home.
The night is passing fair, my love,
Let us together roam.
We'll walk and talk together, love,
Of things not in the books,
Out of the vulgar sight of man
In many shady nooks.

SHE.

The night indeed is very fair
The very night to roam,
But on mature reflection
I think I'll stay at home.
No fault I find with the night, love,
And shady nooks and such,
But I've a class at nine, love,
And will have to study Dutch.—*The Unit.*

Ye Three Gladde Thynges.

I.

Of gladde thynges, two there be,—
Ay three !
Ye Wine we, singing,
Sip ;
A Maide's redde Lip ;
Ye Musick, sweetlie ringing,
To which gaye Dancers trip.

II.

Of sadde Thynges, too, there be—
Just three !
Ye Ache of Swelling
Crowne ;
A dark Eye's Frowne ;
And vain Regrets, upwelling,
Which Singing will not drowne.

—Trinity Tablet.

The Year's Contrasts.

MAY.

The willows sweet bend o'er the brooks,
The meadow now the greenest looks,
And all of nature smiles.
The oreole in the elm does sing,
The mayflowers from the rich earth spring,
And the lilac is full in bloom.
The robin hops from turf to turf,
The dews of morning kiss the earth,
And everyone has joy.

NOVEMBER.

November is a month of tears,
A month of fears,
A month of sighs,
A month of whys,
Is the month of drear November.
The wind comes chill across the lake
And makes one quake
With sudden fear.
The leaves are sere,
And the trees are sighing and moaning,
The cold wind wailing and groaning,
And everything
Speaks of a parting,
The sad, sad parting
That comes with the dying year.

—The Dartmouth.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Huxley, Lay Sermons.
Harvey, With Essex in Ireland.
Lindner, Manual of Empirical Psychology, 4 cop.
Crane, comp., Italian Popular Tales.
Delbrück, Introduction to the Study of Language.
Forsyth, Life of Cicero.
Harris, Introduction to Philoshphy, arr. by M. Kies.
" Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia.
Mivart, The Cat.
Nettleship, Robert Browning.
Serviss, Astronomy with an Opera Glass.
Steele, Rudimentary Psychology.
Peschel, Races of Man.
Waldstein, Fitzwilliam Museum; Catalogue of Casts.
Sidgwick, Outlines of History of Ethics.
McKendrick, Text-book of Physiology.
Merz, Liebniz.
Morris, Aryan Race.
Robertson, Hobbes.
Saunders, Insects Injurious to Fruits.
Hovelacque, Science of Languages.
Goodyear, History of Art.
Symonds, Introduction to the Study of Dante.
Huygens, Œuvres Complètes, 2v.
Boise, Four of Earlier Epistles of St. Paul; 1st and 2nd Thess., and 1st and 2nd Cor.
Plötz, Epitome of History.
Weeden, Economic and Social History of New England, 2 v.
Haygood, The Man of Galilee.
Fiske, Civil Government in the U. S.
Alden, God in His World.
James, Principles of Psychology, 2 v.
Johnston, U. S.; Its History and Constitution.
Morfill, Story of Russia.
Murdock, Reconstruction of Europe.
Smith, Emigration and Immigration.

MY MILLIONARE.

When I get my millionare
I'll be very fair and square;
With his wealth of yellow gold,
I'll do kindnesses untold.

Wellesley, to me so dear
Must gain the most, that is quite clear;
And first a huge fund there shall be
That all excuse-blanks may be free.

One trifling fraction of my mission
Will be to bring in competition.
And, if it does not come too late,
Sad will be honored " Bailey's " fate

Of course I'll have more elevators
And for the dining-hall trained waiters;
And unless it would cause wrath,
The Backwoodsman should have a bath.

More than this I plan to do—
But press of work forbids the view;
For you all shall have a share
When I get my millionare.

T. K. '91.

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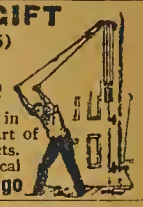

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